in which each stroke taken with the current sweeps us along as on a flying carpet.

The Belver inn. Soft olives that we suck while waiting for the meal Huge barn decorated like a palace; corridors with vaults of gilded grain; in a courtyard under the broad sunlight horses turning in a circle trample the wheat. The Jabiru, who never bathes save in a tub and never relieves himself in the fields, is shocked at the state of the 'lavatory/'

The Jabiru's outfit starts out ahead; our horse is done in. On the heights we make out Puigcerda too long before reaching it, but Bourg-Madame is right beside it. At Bourg-Madame the auto that has come to meet him with his wife and younger son sweeps away the Jabiru.

Bourg-Madame, the gate of Spain, owes whatever favor it enjoys entirely to the proximity of Puigcerda. Baedeker tells us that Puigcerda is frequented by Spanish high society. At the hour when we arrive—that is, at the end of the day — the high society is wildly deserting the town; sumptuous autos are whizzing down the slope we are climbing. Where are they going? We shall find out an hour later when, going back down to Bourg-Madame, we find them all parked along the single short street. Between five and seven o'clock, the autos of Puigcerdd go down to fill up with gasoline, which costs less in France. How rich they are! Some of them, for a horn, sport a dragon of gilded copper which seems to have flown over from Brazil. Nothing to do, nothing to see, nothing to drink at Bourg-Madame. For a distance of twenty yards a row of wooden benches lines the houses; there sit the senoras and senoritas of the high society, of which each Spanish auto unloads eight or ten representatives, Other senoras and most o£ the men remain standing without saying a word, apparently without thinking of anything. All of them, of both sexes, very ugly, very vulgar, insolently rich, and

immensely stupid. What do they do the rest of the day? Now that their autos have drunk, what are they waiting for? . , , On the other side of the street the chauffeurs are taking on airs of Spanish grandees.

At seven we sit down to dinner; all the autos are still there. At a quarter past seven, when I get up to see what has become of them, all the autos have disappeared.

Stagecoach from Bourg-Madame to Montlouis.

At Montlouis we are served a bottle of elegant liqueur wine that would have made Keats renew his experience of seeing the sun*s round and songs.

Visit to the barracks; I should have liked to see the library used by the soldiers who are snowbound for such a long time; but, because of repairs, all the books are locked up in cupboards.